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EASTER FLOWERS.

Our Easter flowers have special charms,
They speak directly to the soul
In words converting our alarms
Into reflections that console.
But of all lovely Paschal flowers,
The lily far excels the rest;!
By nature clothed with royal powers,
'Tis purest, sweetest, and the best.

It is a touching figure true,
Of virtue, and devoted saints
That bloom and thrive on Heaven's dew,
Despite the barren world's restraints.
It calls to mind our Master's might,
That King whose praise all lilies chant,
That peerless Bud of purest white,
Frown from a stainless virgin plant.

It represents the feast we keep,
Our Savior risen from the tomb,
For after Winter's death-like sleep,
Again it rises forth to bloom.
On Paradise's shaded slope,
Unwithered reigns that Flower of fame,
Whose verdant mantle bids us hope,
Whose soul bears purity's own name.

His life within the Church's pale,
God's infant blooming garden bed,
The lily rises up to hail,
And welcome Him its spotless Head.
His sepulchre it, too, suggests,
For deep within its petal walls
Entombed, a floral monarch rests,
A pris'ner locked in nature's halls.

Like Him, we, too, shall conquer death
And enter our eternal home,
As plants, preserved from Winter's breath,
In Spring are planted in new loam,
We, too, as lilies here below,
Are destined monarchs for above,
Transplanted as we holier grow,
To live there reigning kings of love.

JAS. B. FITZPATRICK.

THE POET IN THE CHAIR OF ETHICS.

The Muses are the friends of all hours. In their gracious company we are never alone or lonesome, be our home ever so lonely. Rapt in the sweet mazes of poetical reverie, the moments flit by and leave to us their lingering charms of happy recollection. We are delighted by the beauties of nature and the inspirations of sentiment, and pleased as well by the exquisite maxims of wholesome instruction afforded us in concise language by the muses.

Thus we kindly take to their wise counsels and felicitous apothegms, cull them carefully and treasure them in our memory, and all the more in as much as they are usually conveyed according to the advice of the poet when he says,

“Men must be taught as if you taught them not,”

Shakespeare among the nature poets and Pope among the artificial poets are perhaps more frequently quoted than any other writer, because their pages sparkle with gems of thought.

However, when poets attempt to establish a system of ethics or theology, and thus force their moral reflections upon us, they will not succeed as well; as they must invariably fail either to present the truths with the required precision or to satisfy the first demands of their readers, the object of pleasing them.

Pope in his *Essay on Man*, like in every one of his works, has transmitted to us passages both delightful and instructive that will be immortalized with his name; as when he tells us,

“On life’s vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the eard, but passion is the gale.”

Or when he conveys in one single line that pointed bit of advice which youth in the task of building up their character should constantly keep before their minds,

“Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow.”

In the following lines we have another specimen of the poet’s comprehensive style in which he condenses a sermon in a few figures of rhetoric, all with the exception of one, aptly expressed,

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.”

To all those who fear that pleasures of holiness and the joys of Heaven may not be congenial to their taste, and which in consequence do not offer them a potent inducement to live for the future bliss of happy immortality, he uses this sarcastic argumentation:

“What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul’s calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt
joy,

Is Virtue’s prize: A better would you fix?
Then give Humility, a coach and six,

Justice a Conqueror’s sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown.

Weak, foolish Man! will Heav’n reward us
there

With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?

The boy and Man an Individual makes,
Yet figh’st thou now for apples and for cakes?

Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife.

As well as dream such trifles are assign’d,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.”

These are few of the many exquisite and familiar passages Pope has bequeathed us

in his memorable Essay on Man. However, by ascending the chair of theology, or rather by being delicately raised into it by his compeers and associates, in order to give us a "short, yet imperfect system of Ethics" as the author informs us in the design of the poem or when he proposes to indicate Providence, he ventured to the length of presumption, and became the oracle of the false principles of Bolingbroke and others. He reflected the spirit of a deistically tinctured age.

Revelation seems to be left out of question in his "system of Ethics" or rather his Essay tends to draw men away from it. In such passages as the following;

"Then say not Man's imperfect, Heaven's
in fault;

Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought:

His knowledge measured to his state and
place,"

or in the line which he is fond of repeating,

"One truth is clear, Whatever is, is Right,"

the lapsed state of man is not taken into consideration nor is the necessity of the Redemption admitted. What is meant by the term *is* in this all-important instance he has left us no passage to determine.

We almost hesitate to declare between pantheism and mysticism in these lines:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul;

That chang'd through all, and yet in all the
same;

Great in the earth, as in th'ethereal frame;

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all Life, extends through all
extent,

Spreads undivided, operates unspent;

Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal
part.

As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;

As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph, that adores and burns."

That self-love and the passions receive a sinister interpretation and undue importance from the pen of the poet is clearly perceptible. His notion of them is manifestly opposed to genuine asceticism.

It is, therefore, to be regretted that notwithstanding the exquisite passages that occur in the Essay on Man, the entire poem is greatly disfigured by the baneful principles it contains.

While the children of the Church to which Pope belonged will ever have to bewail his aberrations in religion and his approach to atheism, our dissenting brethren may justly join in the common regret; but we have the joy and consolation that our poet died a devout Catholic.

The Essay on Man will ever reflect the atheistical spirit of the times in which the poet lived and show likewise that he suffered by its influence.

Well may we recall in the "System of Ethics" Pope's own advice:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing.
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring!"

SIMON KUHNMUENCH.



FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

[FROM THE POLISH.]

'Twas the crime of loving his country more than her oppressor, and striving to throw off her shackles, that brought the patriot Pole Migurski in the clanking chains of an exile to Siberia. Though an exile he was not destitute of all consolation; for like an Emmet he might have stood proudly among the foremost of his country's oppressors, but he felt that which the "Wizard" so aptly expresses when he sings:

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself has said,
This is my own my native land.
If such there breathes go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown."

What nerved him still more was that his faithful wife had volunteered to accompany, cheer, and comfort him in that land where so many a noble Pole had suffered and found a grave in the ever frozen soil.

Having arrived at their destination, the unfortunates found that life on the steppes was not so unbearable as it had at first appeared to them. The exiles are far from being the degraded set which they are represented to be. On the contrary they are men of piety, learning, wealth and rank; criminals in the eyes of a despot only; and though the Siberian clime is cold and bleak, the hearts of the convicts are warm with a sympathetic love.

Thus the noble Migurskis lived in sad yet peaceful contentment, the only drawback to their happiness being the thought of their separation from father-land, home, parents, and kindred. God, the exile's only hope,

supplied this want by giving them two children, whom needless to say, they loved most dearly. So cheerful were they in their banishment that they came to be called "The happy 'midst the unhappy."

It is but natural that in proportion to our love for anything, our sorrow will be when deprived of it. So it was that the sorrow of the noble exiles was unbounded when cruel death robbed them of their darlings. The mother who had already withstood so many trials had scarcely rallied from the blow only to become dangerously ill. The almost heart-broken husband not only mourned the loss of the children, but was in imminent danger of losing the sole companion of his misfortunes, his wife. In this his hour of sore distress his loyal wife encouraged him, though sick, with whispered mysterious words of hope. The words were to him as incense to the censor: they nerved him for action.

It was noticed by his fellow exiles that Migurski was becoming more despondent as the days wore on. They realized that unless matters would improve he would occupy a maniac's cell or a suicide's grave.

Their worst fears were soon confirmed by the sudden disappearance of Migurski; days elapsed and still no traces of him were found. Lady Migurski begged that a diligent search might be made. Her request was granted and on the third day the cap and cloak of the missing man were found on the bank of the neighboring stream. Without doubt the unfortunate man had ended his wretched life. The wife, it seemed, accepted her fate with admirable resignation to the Divine Will. She

"Whose spotless deeds must ever stand
Like lilies in a barren land,"

seemed to realize that she must drink the bitter chalice to the very dregs, for she neither complained nor even spoke to any one of her misfortune, but her formerly bright and cheerful eyes were growing dim and were filled with restlessness.

Every one pitied her, and it was expressed on all sides that Lady Migurski would find a grave side by side with her children. Having lost all that was dear to her in her exile she begged the governor to permit her to return with the remains of her children to her native land, there to die. The governor, a man of qualities too noble for his office, readily granted her request and that she might not be interrupted with her precious burden, a cossack was detailed to accompany her to the boundary line. When at last all was in readiness for the journey, which was to be a fast one, she took leave, not without many a tearful "Godspeed" from those who had befriended her in her sorrow.

While on the journey she scarcely ever stepped out of the sleigh. Bent over the two caskets, not even glancing at the surrounding country, she lived as one entombed. Having already passed Symbirsk, they came to a station where they halted for a change of horses. The cossack took her passports to be inspected and returned without so much as a word to the woman. Being used to the silence of his passenger, he did not come near her but leaned against the back of the sleigh waiting for the horses to be attended to. While standing there he seemed to hear the voice of a man proceed from the chest which contained the coffin's. Again he listened but again all was quiet.

A faithful Muscovite is too dutiful to think of mercy when obedience forbids. Not knowing what his discovery might lead to, he hastened to the inspector to inform him of what had occurred. Without a moment's notice the unfortunate inmate of the sleigh

was surrounded by guards, soldiers and officers, who immediately began to examine every corner of the sleigh.

As the terrible truth dawned upon Lady Migurski, she swooned. No attention was paid her, however, as the inspection progressed.

The two caskets which contained the remains of the children were found, not in the chest as supposed, but in the extreme bottom of the sleigh. On opening the chest they found a man more dead than alive—Migurski. The unfortunates were immediately placed under arrest, the entreaties and proffered bribes had no effect whatever on the Russians.

On investigation it was learned that soon after the children's death when Migurski was becoming despondent, the faithful wife, who had already borne so much for her husband's sake, planned a scheme which if executed as planned would at once restore freedom to both. It was she who advised him to pretend despondent and willing to end his life, and after having hidden him well in their humble abode threw his cap and cloak on the river's bank. She then obtained permission to return with the remains of the children; but instead of putting the coffin's in the chest, the husband was hidden therein. On the journey she shared her food with him and scarcely ever spoke for fear of betraying her secret. But alas! now all was lost. A board had become loosened in some manner and bore heavily on Migurski, who believing that no enemy was near, made bold to ask his wife to adjust it. Fatal words! for by them both were lost. Now not only Migurski was a prisoner, but his wife as well. He doubly so and she for having conspired to free a convict, though that convict was her husband.

"Back to Orenburg," was the sentence for both. In fetters they were compelled to return. The longest stop was made at

Symbirsk where the children were buried, not to be disturbed again till the Judgment day.

The funeral was indeed a sad one, witnessed by the entire populace. Behind the coffins slowly walked the unfortunate parents, the clanking of their chains being a doleful knell and requiem for their children.

All showed pity and commiseration for the parents and many lamented loud and brought them gifts as tokens of their sympathy. All blamed the obsequious cossack and when he dared to appear at the funeral was met by open manifestation of their disapproval. They again proceeded on their way and reached Orenburg only to be ordered forward to Nerczynsk some six hundred miles further, just one thousand miles from Polish soil. At Nerczynsk their lot was

harder than at Orenburg, the husband being sentenced for life and the wife well knew that now there was no hope, nor even alleviation.

It was evident that she could not long survive the blow, and one year later she went to her final resting place.

Thus did this brave Polish lady, a most faithful wife and mother suffer, and a thousand miles from home and parents end her sad career 'neath the Siberian sky. On her grave no flower raises its head, no prayer is offered, but all is the very typification of her,

Who faithful, e'er remained
Until her dying breath,
In life a criminal stained,
A pris'ner freed by death.

FELIX SEROCZYNSKI. '99

A STORY FROM THE GERMAN.

[OF KARL MAY.]

Seeing that I would be a burden to him, I concluded to take up my lodging in some other tent, but the old man would not consent to this. I was compelled to stay with him. Refreshments were now plentifully served. When we had partaken of all such delicacies as a place of this kind affords, the old Arabian began a conversation.

"You will sojourn many days in the tent of your friend?"

"I shall be obliged to leave as soon as I have enjoyed a short repose."

When he had learned my intention I was very much entreated to desist from my plan. He demonstrated the dangers to which I should expose myself if contrary to his admonition I would leave the tent at night. I

told him I feared neither man nor beast and asked him if he had not seen the panther's skin beneath my saddle. I related the incident of the previous night and he was not a little surprised.

"God is great! you are a brother to the renowned Emir-el-Areth who was drowned in the Wed-el-Kantara?"

"His native home is also mine and like him I have a gun which speaks in similar words."

"I have now learned that I am at liberty to speak."

He moved close to my side and in a tone not above a whisper related the molestation his people suffered from a lion which haunts the neighborhood. And at the present time," continued he, "the vil-

lagers are on his trace."

I inquired where I might find the hunters, that I too might join the chase.

The direction whither they had gone was described to me and soon I was in their midst.

I arrived just in time to save one who had fallen a victim to the ferocious beast.

I was now considered as one whom Allah had sent as their saviour. The hand of friendship was extended from all sides and one who seemed more interested in me than any of the rest inquired the object of my sojourn in this strange land.

"Timbuktu" responded I, "is my destination."

"If so you may journey with me; I belong to the warriors Ulad Sliman that live towards the south, but I must yet wait here for some of our men who were sent to the city Franker, to deliver a message."

These last words excited my attention. He was one of those guests of whom I had learned particulars from the old Arabian.

"I cannot wait, nevertheless, you can overtake me since you possess better camels."

"How many men accompany you?"

"Two."

"And you are not seized with fear to traverse the desert?"

"I never fear."

"And does not the thought of meeting Hedjan-Bei inspire you with fear? It is very possible that you may meet him."

"He will not obstruct my passage or he will share a fate not unlike to that of the lion."

Further conversation convinced me that he was in connection with Hedjan-Bei and was now awaiting the return of him who was captive at Algier.

With the assistance of Joseph I skinned the lion and returned from whence I came.

Several weeks had elapsed since our last adventure and I had learned, in the mean-

time that Hassan was a very able leader; this fact fully compensated me for the timidity which he frequently evinced on other occasions. His affection grew so warm towards me that I might have fearlessly imparted to him my intention, had there not been another reason extant which prompted me to conceal from him my designs. I noticed of late in the actions of Hassan evidences betraying mental derangement, or touching it a shade lighter, aberrations. At any rate he would sit down on a mat and soliloquize on various themes; at times he would applaud his heroic deeds and again he would condemn them.

I left nothing undone to ascertain the cause of this peculiar behavior in the person of Hassan that I might if possible remedy it; for I was not very much inclined, under present circumstances, to entrust myself to his further leadership.

However, I could do nothing with him, so, trusting to fortune, I concluded to follow him with a determination to meet the fate in store. We were yet only three and well equipped we entered upon our journey hoping to reach Bab-el-Ghud within three days.

My hedjihu (camel) surpassed by far the other in speediness, for which reason I would start at a later period than the rest and when I had overtaken them I would still continue and again leave them in the rear; this I did that alone I might the better muse upon the grandeur of nature. Whilst thus amusing myself viewing the various scenes, I observed at a short distance a hillock which was evidently not the work of nature. I made an investigation and found that I had not been mistaken. The hillock was but an artificial accumulation of sand covering the corpse of a man and the carcass of a camel, a small hole above the nose announced the fate of both victims. I knew this master-shot, it was the work of Emery. On closer inspection, I found that his ca-

push, and also the handle of his knife bore the initials A. L. I knew enough. This was one of the guns and Emery, too must be in the vicinity. I knew well that this was not the only frame which the gun of Emery had left in the desert to bleach, and again I was not deceived, for I had proceeded but a short distance when I found several more that had shared the same fate. Journeying farther I soon met a track intersecting our course. I could not imagine whither it led for, according to my knowledge there was nothing to pursue in the direction indicated by the track, yet I was desirous of learning who the person was, hoping also to hear from him the secrets of this fear-inspiring place. I motioned to Hassan and Korndorfer, who were now in sight, to continue their journey and immediately I set out in pursuit of one, I knew not whom. Ere long I caught sight of an object which I supposed was he. My camel under the urgency of whip and spur rapidly gained space and I was soon within gun shot of the stranger. "Rrree." I cried.

He stopped but fearing trouble seized his gun.

I bade him peace, telling him I came not as an enemy. My salutation had its desired effect and soon we were conversing in the most friendly terms. I was very anxious to learn the motives of his sojourn in this desolate portion of the world; for at first glance, I saw that he was a Tebu whom I wished to acquaint with my purpose.

"I am from the distant land of Germany and you are a Tebu from"—

But before I had finished the last sentence he interrupted me in a tone expressing great surprise. "Are you acquainted with Sihdi Emir?"

"I know him well, "Have you seen him?" "I have. Are you the man whom he is expecting from the land of Germany?"

"I am."

"Thank Allah who guided my steps, I am sent to meet you."

"Where may Emir be found?"

"In the Bab-el-Ghud you shall behold the impression of his foot."

"I, too, may thank Allah that I caught sight of your camel and followed his track otherwise we should never have met."

"I would have found you, Sihdi, for I intended only to get some water, after which I would again have pursued my former course, which was the one you followed."

"Pardon me, but I should be pleased to know your name."

"My name lies buried in the shade of my tent until I have avenged a wrong, unjustly inflicted, but, in the meantime, you may call me father without children."

This wish explained all; his sons had fallen victims to the Gun.

He related the fate which had befallen his sons, then asked me if I had not met any corpse on my way. I responded in the affirmative. "They, said he, have fallen by the bullet of Emery,"

When I heard the mention of Emery again, I became the more desirous to meet him and upon my entreaty to guide me to the Bab-el-Ghud, my newly gained friend consented.

We started at once and soon we were again in the company of Hassan and Korndorfer who continued their journey as directed. When Joseph beheld my new friend he was very much pleased to learn who he was. I gave him the desired information, telling him he is Abu-Beni, who shall lead us to the Bab-el-Ghud.

When Hassan heard that this man should henceforth be our leader, he poured out a stream of curses which well manifested the supply of interjections contained in the Arabian language. Hassan, who thought himself quite able to act as a guide, took it very

much amiss that I had chosen Abu-Beni. I succeeded in dispelling this harsh feeling which Hassan entertained towards me, and again our journey proceeded in peace. At length we arrived at a group of small hills at which place we spread our robes and put up for the night.

The thought of meeting with Emery aroused me earlier than usual. I awoke just in time to witness a very strange affair, which, though of a comical nature, might well have ended in a tragedy. I always had in my possession a vessel containing alcohol in which I preserved the various species of insects and reptiles that I chanced to procure in the different climates. My vessel contained already quite an accumulation consisting of worms, amphibia, vipers, scorpions, salamanders, sand-flies etc. I always had the vessel concealed by keeping it well wrapped up in a blanket. Hassan, by chance or otherwise, discovered it and, as we may well suppose, was tempted by its alcoholic smell, at any rate, when I awoke I found him in the act of quaffing the dregs of this sauce with as much delight as though he were partaking of delicious nectar.

I approached him, struck him on the shoulder, and asked him what he was doing.

In his fear he dropped the vessel and answered: "Drinking Sihdi,"

"What are you drinking?"

"Ma-el-zat," responded he, according to the Mussulman's logic wine is no more considered an intoxicating beverage when it is called by another name.

I revealed to him the contents of the vessel and greatly exaggerated the fatal issue of the drink. He stretched out his legs, extended his hands and his fierce grimaces reproduced the vessel's contents.

Beholding his doleful condition I told him Allah would yet preserve him if, in future, he would desist from the use of al-

cohol, he promised faithfully to do so and was again at ease exteriorly.

Again we entered upon our journey, but there was another surprise in store for me. We had not gone a great distance when we discovered the trace of a caravan. The evidence of a caravan in this strange place, was a motive of suspicion.

"These people go to Kiffilat, or perhaps to Tibasti," was the expression of our Tebu friend. "Their leader," continued he, "is taking them estray, they shall surely fall victims to Hedjahn-Bei."

"This dare not be, we must rescue them; forward! to save them," I added.

Despite the former exertion of our camels they still had enough speed at my command, for soon we had the pleasure to behold at no great distance before us a huge cloud of dust which soon revealed the strangers; rapidly gaining space we finally overtook them.

Confronting him whom I supposed to be the leader, I accosted him thus:

"Whither goes this caravan?"

"To Safilil."

"Safilil, too, claims my attention, will you permit myself and comrades to swell the ranks?"

"When I have learned your name I will respond."

"I am a German."

He now turned to the others of his tribe and chid them severely for accepting water from a Christian, then turning to me he wished to know where I procured my camel.

"It was given to me by one whom I have saved from the jaws of a lion."

"You lie!"

I drew my whip and threatened to avenge the insult.

A. J. SEIMETZ.

(Concluded next month.)

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EDITORIAL.

To the students of our college, March has been a most eventful month. Many great feasts have followed each other in close succession; but especially did it bring happiness in the recurrence of the festivals of that heavenly trio, St. Thomas, St. Patrick, and our patron, St. Joseph.

We have received a number of valuable donations this month, for which we wish to express our grateful acknowledgment. Among others, a collection of metals, minerals and precious stones, the rarest known in the State of Arkansas, many of which are found in no other part of the Union,

was presented by the Revs. J. H. Guendling and G. M. Schramm. The gifts were properly assorted and labeled by the government mineralogist at Hot Springs, who also forwarded a complete list, showing both the species and the parts of the State in which they can be found. For the present they will be preserved in the Columbian Museum.

A description of the literary entertainment presented in honor of Father Rector before his departure for Rome, will be found in our local department. It was but a fitting testimonial of respect to him whose name is inseparably connected with St. Joseph's College, from its infancy up to its present thriving condition. For the last five years our institution has rapidly been coming to the front under the able presidency of Father Augustine, whose every effort was exercised to further it in its onward march. Yet it was not only his untiring energy during the past *lustrum*, nor his sedulous labors for a number of years as Professor at St. Charles Seminary, Carthage, Ohio, but also his eminent services to the Order that merited for him the rest and pleasures of his present voyage and sojourn on European soil. He went as a delegate to the General Chapter of the Community of the Most Precious Blood, to be held at Rome sometime after Easter.

Easter-tide is another station that affords the student a short surcease of labor in the long run of studies, and the boys are all anticipating the happy season. But the joys of Easter, like those of Christmas, are not merely mundane joys; they emanate from a higher source and are therefore attended with such intense and universal happiness. Every Christian feels that Christmas and Easter are something more than a national or ordinary holiday.

Our thanks are due to the Rev. Mathias Kenk, C. PP. S. of Chicago, for the donations he has made, and the interest he has manifested in the department of Physics at our College, as well as to the Rev. Adolp Schott for some rare specimens of coin.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

The most important of all the acts of Congress, relating to silver and the one that is now most talked about was that of 1873. By this act Congress made gold a single standard, suspended the coinage of the regular silver dollar and in its place substituted what was known as the trade dollar. This act put our government on a gold basis where it has been ever since. It seems that Congress was induced to pass this act in imitation of the conduct of several European countries which had discontinued the free coinage of silver about that time, in the same manner that England had done some forty years before. This act did not receive much attention at the time from the fact that the parity of the metals was almost equal, with silver slightly in advance of gold, and consequently very little silver was being offered for coinage.

Shortly after the passage of this act, silver began to rapidly decline in value as compared with gold, and the friends of silver loudly clamored for its readmission to coinage. In consequence of this agitation, Congress passed an act in 1878 authorizing

the Secretary of the Treasury to purchase not less than two nor more than four million dollars worth of silver per month at its bullion value and coin it into silver dollars of the standard fixed by the act of 1837. It was thought at the time that this action would serve to restore and maintain the metals at a parity, but still silver continued to depreciate. In 1890 congress substituted for this act another known as the Sherman law, very similar to the one of 1878. This law authorized the purchase of four million ounces of silver every month and instead of coining it authorized the issuance of treasury notes based upon the amount purchased and redeemable in coin. Under this law \$152,000,000 worth of treasury notes were issued for silver.

Congress in special session repealed this law in 1893, and thus left the country on almost the same footing as it was placed by the act of 1873, except that the silver now in use is honored as a full legal tender, unless otherwise specified by private contract. It was upon the urgent request of the president that Congress repealed the Sherman law, and the reasons urged for its repeal were first, that it had failed in its purpose, viz, to raise silver to a parity with gold, and secondly that the treasury notes issued under its provisions were really additions to the gold obligations of the government.

Besides our gold and silver and the treasury notes above referred to, there is in circulation a large quantity of paper money known as gold certificates, silver certificates, national bank notes and United States notes or "greenbacks."

The silver and gold certificates are bills which show that so many silver or gold dollars as the case may be, have been deposited with the treasury of the United States and will be paid upon presentation

of the certificate. The national bank notes are issued by the national banks, with the permission of the government, after the bank has deposited in the treasury government bonds to secure the issue.

The greenbacks may be called certificates of indebtedness and were first issued by the government during the war. When issued, and for several years after the close of the war they were at a discount but in the seventies provisions were made to redeem them in coin upon their presentation at the treasury. It was also provided, that when redeemed they should again be re-issued and serve as money. It has, however, been the invariable custom of holders of greenbacks to request their payment in gold when presenting them at the treasury and the Secretary of the Treasury has always honored this request. Of late years there has not been gold enough in the treasury to redeem all the greenbacks and treasury notes presented and the government has, as a consequence, been compelled to issue interest bearing bonds in order to redeem the greenbacks and treasury notes upon presentation. Thus you see a man could, and it seems that many do, under the existing law take non interest bearing greenbacks to the government and obtain gold for them and with the same gold buy interest bearing bonds.

This historical outline is necessarily very brief and many interesting phases of the question have not been touched upon, but enough has been said to enable us to know something of the different kinds of money we use.

Now what is meant by the free coinage of silver? In its broadest signification it means that the government should coin all the silver offered at the present ratio, 16 to 1, just as it does gold. This is the proposition advanced by the friends of silver and it is claimed by them that such action

would make money plentier and consequently make the country more prosperous; that it would cause silver, which is now worth as bullion only half what it is worth in the coined state, to resume its former standard as compared with gold.

They go on to maintain that the Secretary of the Treasury should not issue bonds to secure gold for the redemption of greenbacks when he has a legal right to redeem them with silver, and thus bring silver into more common use. They further assert that the action of the great nations of the world in discontinuing the use of silver and thus throwing all the work of exchange on gold, thereby greatly increased the purchasing power of gold, and consequently reduced the ability of the debtor class to pay their debts; for instance a gold dollar can now, they assert, purchase more goods than it could twenty-five years ago, consequently the man who is in debt, and must pay that debt in gold dollars, or their equivalent, must dispose of more goods, or property to obtain the requisite amount of gold now than was required twenty-five years ago. It must be understood in this connection that gold is the security of all our money and that our silver passes at its full face value only because our present financial system permits it to be exchanged for gold.

Those who advocate gold monometalism or are opposed to the free coinage of silver reply to these arguments by asserting that the United States would not be able to raise silver to an equality with gold, and the result would be the entire withdrawal of gold from the country; that gold is the money in use by the most powerful nations of the world and the money most desirable for purposes of trade; that a change of our coinage laws would mean a change of values and unheard of business calamities; that very few debts are now owed that were contracted twenty-five years ago and consequently a change would be unjust to

creditors; that the laboring men would suffer because the purchasing power of their wages would be decreased while the wages themselves would not likely be increased.

These arguments and the many others that are presented, pro and con, and sustained by strong reasoning, show us that there is much to be said on either side of this question. Our most able and patriotic statesmen are found on different sides and "silver men" and "gold men" are to be found in both of the great political parties.

We also find many that are urging compromises of one kind or another, and many

that oppose the free coinage of silver under existing conditions, would be glad to see it brought about by international agreement.

It is hoped that this sketch, will place the younger readers of the *Collegian* in a position to grasp and understand the arguments that are sure to be made on this question during the approaching presidential campaign, and thus to better understand one of the most important subjects of the times.

JOHN F. COGAN.



FATHER RECTOR'S DEPARTURE FOR ROME.

March has been pre-eminently a month of festivities at St. Joseph's, not only in point of number, but also in the importance, of the holidays and celebrations which mark its calendar. In diversity of nature, there has been as much as the days were many; and literary programs, receptions and patron Saints' days have followed one another in such rapid succession that it would be no easy task to establish a criterion to place them in the order they belong. Should the general interest and concern manifested in the event be taken as a stand-point, there would be little difficulty, however; all would unite in giving first place to the occasion of Father Rector's departure for Rome, as one of the delegates to the General Chapter of the Congregation of the Most Precious Blood.

As mentioned in the last issue of the *Collegian*, the date for the party to sail could not be determined at the conference at which they were appointed; and it con-

tinued a matter of speculation until the arrival of the Very Rev. Provincial here on the 2nd of the month, when it was found that the start would have to be made much sooner than was expected, and that Father Augustine would have to leave the College on the following Sunday.

Plans for an elaborate program in his honor had been under discussion for some time; but this sudden news frustrated them all. It was decided to leave everything in the hands of the graduating class, who would thus be enabled to give their beloved Rector a parting testimonial of their gratitude and esteem, since he could not be present for their final exercises at the close of school.

The program occurred on the following Saturday evening, the 7th, and was successful in every respect, and a complete surprise to Father Augustine, who had been purposely kept in ignorance of the conspiracy that had been contrived against

him In its nature, it was decidedly novel, and a complete departure from anything that had ever before been presented in the Auditorium; being what might be called a "polyglot" entertainment, or a series of original addresses and poems in all the languages in the curriculum; and as such, a practical exponent of the abilities of the class. The opening address was made by Father Benedict, who, as Vice Rector, spoke in behalf of both the Father Professors and the students; he gracefully voiced the sentiments of regard that all felt towards their common superior, their best wishes for a pleasant journey, and their solicitude for his safe return.

John F. Cogan was the next speaker; and in his talk on "Our Class" caused many a ripple of mirth through the audience, and many a thought of the old days, as he lifted the veil from the past and called to mind all that had occurred during the evolution that has gradually transformed a crowd of mischievous youngsters in knickerbockers into the sedate poets and orators, the graduates of '96.

Following Mr. Cogan, came the addresses and poems by the other members of the class. The numbers were in all cases original and well suited to the occasion; but from the very fact of their being delivered in "divers tongues" it would be presumption in anyone not a linguist to attempt to make special mention of all. Suffice to say that each was highly creditable to its author; no one participant could be singled out for praise without injustice to the oth-

ers. The order in which they delivered their respective parts was as follows: Latin Address, Christian Daniel; Latin Poem, (Hexameter,) Jos. R. Wechter; Greek Discourse, Bartholomew Besinger; Address in French, Nicholas Greive; Address in German, Jacob Betsner; German poem, Joseph Abel.

Selections of orchestra and vocal music came next, and after that the English numbers; a touching poem by Jas. B. Fitzpatrick, followed by Thos. M. Conroy's address, a beautiful tribute of the class' appreciation of all the efforts made by the Rev. Rector in its behalf. The Seifert Light Guards then claimed attention when Captain Fitzpatrick presented a handsome silk umbrella with the appropriate names engraved on silver plate, as a remembrance to him whose name the S. L. G. are so proud to bear.

Father Augustine then rose to thank the students for their many expressions of kind feeling towards him, and after asking a continuance of their prayers for the success of his journey, promised to remember them in turn at the holy shrines he hopes to visit. An hour before his departure on the following afternoon, the different organizations, military and band, assembled at the front of the College where, with all the students, they formed an escort to the depot.

After leaving the College he spent a few days visiting friends and relatives in Ohio and with the other members of the committee set sail from New York on the 18th on the City of St. Paul.



St. Joseph's Day.

Among the many Saints which cluster about God's throne none is more cherished by the Catholic world, and above all by the students of St. Joseph's College, than our glorious patron St. Joseph. Appropriate, indeed, were the exercises with which this feast was commemorated. At 8:30 A. M. solemn high mass was celebrated by the Rev. John Berg, of Remington, assisted by Rev. Frederick Schalk of the College as deacon, and Rev. Francis Schalk of the Indian Normal School as sub-deacon. Father Benedict acted as master of ceremonies. Father Bonaventure delivered an eloquent sermon, in which he dwelt chiefly on the ennobling virtues of our great patron and the signification of the spotless lily which he bears in his hand.

At two o'clock solemn vespers were sung at which Rev. M. Zumbulte, of Hanover Centre, was celebrant, Rev. John Berg of Remington deacon, Father Raphael sub-deacon, and Father Benedict master of ceremonies. The choir, under direction of Father Clement, rendered at high mass in the morning Witt's famous "Lucia Mass," with splendid effect and at Vespers in the afternoon Kaim's Vespers for four voices equally well, and thus enhanced the solemnity of the divine service in a manner never before enjoyed at the College.

In the evening the students C. P. P. S. rendered a drama entitled, "Joseph and his Brothers," and an afterpiece, "Wurst wider Wurst." The former was an excellent translation from the English by Fath-

er Raphael. The following are the Dramatis Personae:

Joseph.....Didicus Brachman
 Jacob.....Cantus Faist
 Benjamin.....Vitus Schnette
 Utabal (Joseph's servant), Gerard Hartjens
 Brothers of Joseph: Eulogius Deininger,
 Julian Meyer, Simon Kuehnmuensch, Albinus Missler, Gabriel Cotter, Victor Scharf.

The students all played with their characteristic ease and dramatic talent. Mr. Brackman's graceful and natural action in the title role of Joseph was especially commendable, as well as Mr. Faist's fine impersonation of the good old Patriarch. Among the many brothers of Joseph, Simon could easily be singled out in the person of Mr. Kuehnmuensch. The youthful gentleness and guileless innocence of Benjamin was pleasantly exhibited in Master Vitus Schuette. The scene in which the venerable form of Jacob appeared lying in his tent in the twilight was truly idyllic and was rendered pathetic when Joseph approached and recognized his dearly beloved and aged father. The play must have left wholesome memories in the minds of all.

The afterpiece, too, is deserving of mention. It excelled in wit any effort yet made in this direction. If the language was not completely mastered by all the students, the facetious Eusebius, Herman, Ildefons, and Germain easily compensated for the drawback by the exquisite drollery of their voice and action.



Reviews.

The Circus Rider's Daughter is the title of a new novel by F. von Braeckel, translated from the German by Mary A. Mitchell and published by Benziger Bros. This is one of the most interesting books that has appeared for some time. The aim of the author is to please and she pleases. If a novel is only to be read for the amusement or entertainment it furnishes, then *The Circus Rider's Daughter* fulfills its end for it is sure to hold the reader's attention from the first page to the last, as not one of its chapters is lacking in the spirit that makes the book such a desirable companion for the spare hour.

The writer has been wonderfully successful in producing a thoroughly cosmopolitan novel. The circus rider's daughter, Nora, the heroine of the story, unites the strong faith and fervent piety of her beautiful Irish mother with the vivacity and perseverance which she inherits from her German father, Franco in such a way as to make her one of the most charming characters in contemporaneous fiction. The scenes deftly change between Europe and America in such a manner as to portray society and life in two worlds without violating the exquisite harmony that pervades the entire story.

In this volume are found all the features that make a work of fiction attractive, a true delineation of the passions that exert such a powerful sway for good or evil over human nature, love, sorrow, hope, fear, and a confiding faith that permitted Nora, after having labored many years as a nun, in the life the Lord had sent her, and that she was true too till the end, to say, "He guided all for the best and we have followed the paths laid out for us as though we had chosen them ourselves. The Lord sends now sorrow without its

beam, I thank Him that He led me into His service."

(Price \$1.25.)

"*Amy's Music Box*," and *The last Christmas Tree*," are the titles of two handsome little volumes which take their names from the first story found in each book. They are from the facile pen of Miss Eleanor C. Donnelly and contain several short stories and verses for children. The stories are religious in character and convey useful lessons in a most pleasing manner. The author's high reputation as a writer is a guarantee of the literary worth of whatever she gives to the public. Although these books are written for children, the larger boys and girls may read them with profit and draw many a valuable lesson from the moral they contain. It must be encouraging to the lover of good literature to see such books as these given to the public in answer to the demand for something to read, something that will entertain our young people while instructing them, and counteract the effects of the silly sentimentality of the Godless novel and story paper.

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With the exception of the Holy Bible there is no book that shows such strong evidences of Divine inspiration as "The Following of Christ." Not only do Catholics of all countries turn to it for spiritual guidance, but many Protestant denominations as well, draw from its rich treasures. It is very important that books of this kind should be of convenient size and shape. The firm of Benzingers have just published a new edition of this little book that is most commendable for its tasteful arrangement and appropriate form. It also has a short appendix containing the litanies, Mass

prayers, devotions for confession and Holy Communion and a few other short but meritorious prayers, which render it serviceable as a prayer book as well as a book of meditation. (Benziger Bros. N. Y. Price 50cts.)

Exchanges.

The Angelus Magazine, under the editorship of Chas. O'Malley has made a very promising debut. Although it would seem to be handicapped in its endeavors to gain a worthy place among the older magazines, nevertheless, a glance at its contents for February reveals the fact, that it is of a high standard. A story entitled, "A Romance of the Backyard" is crisp and entertaining. It is a production of Miss Bessie Boyle O'Reilly. Before attempting a separate mention of each article, we deem it pertinent to reproduce a remark in which the editor indulges. The *Angelus* has the *first* poem published in the magazine world on Armenia; the *first* article on the revival of American Toryism; and the first illustrated contribution on the latest photographic wonder the Roentgen discovery." An excellent critique is written on the poetry of Francis Thompson. The passages which have been culled from his poems, to serve as illustrations show the writer's ability as a critic. In order to bring out more fully his opinion of the relation existing between Thompson and the reading public of our time, he censures the age which esteemed Cowley a great poetical genius and languished into apathy as far as the productions of the organ toned bard Milton were concerned. He conveys his appreciation of the present age in the following: "Year after year the tendency has been from the free inevitable, full-mouthed utterance of beautiful thoughts, for their own sake, to the expression of far-fetched ideas, strained conceits, forced

or strange metaphors and the presentation of trifles in impressionable form." A Revival of American Toryism from the facile pen of the Editor reviews the utterances of prominent divines and educators whose patriotism has been blatant at inappropriate times. "Catholics of the Hour" contains a literary estimate of Alfred Austin and Marion Crawford. It also touches upon the *personnel* of the Venezulean Commission, reference being made to Frederic Coudert. Wilfred Laurier, who has identified himself with the Manitoba school question, is mentioned. The comparative cheapness of the Magazine, one dollar a year, and its table of bright and timely contents render it worthy of a large patronage. It is published by The Angelus Magazine Company, 31 Longworth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

The concluding article on Goethe in *The St. Vincent's Journal* is a fitting companion to the one which preceded it in a former issue. In both the touch of a discriminating critic is distinguishable. They are void of any startling views—no outbursts to Goethe's genius, nor does the writer incur our displeasure by running into the opposite extreme in viewing it coldly and indifferently. The treatment is highly judicious and praiseworthy. The saying *Artis est artem celare* is applicable in this instance. In "Our Country as I see it," the writer views the condition of the Country rather pessimistically, and is keen in his denunciation of prevailing methods. We do not gainsay his assertions, but believe the picture could be relieved of its sombre aspect. The ills are not so deep-seated that they cannot be eradicated without resorting to measures that might eventually undermine our government. The light colors of hopefulness could be introduced, so as not mar the harmony of the scene, seeking a justification of such a step in the fact that our country has disposed of difficult problems and untied Gordian knots ere this.

The pages of *The Notre Dame Scholastic* of March 15th, are taken up with a lucid explanation and references to the Laetare medal which has been conferred upon Gen. Rosecrans. The recipient's war record and the distinguished qualities which have entitled him to so high an honor are well described. In the same number the works of Bulwer Lytton are reviewed. The versatile Author is considered in the role of dramatist. The article evinces ability. The writer pleases by diverting to the circumstances under which Lytton was impelled to write his dramas and to those who used his productions as a medium to distinguish themselves in the histrionic art.

The Holy Ghost College Bulletin arrived too late to receive a more extended notice;

but a casual glance at the contents convey the impression that it, in every way, merits the favorable remarks which the exchange editor appends to his department.

The following have been received and read with pleasure and profit: *The Mountaineer*, *The Dial*, *The Abbey Student*, *The Viatorian*, *The St. Mary's Record*, *The Stylus*, *The Purple*, *The Salve Regina*, *The St. Mary's Chimes*, *The St. James School Journal*, *The Young People*, *The Mt. St. Joseph Collegian*, *The Radiator*, *The Agnetian*, *The Fordham Monthly*, *The Boston Pilot*, *The Rensselaer Republican*, *The Rensselaer Pilot*, and others.

T. M. CONROY.

St. Patrick's Day.

St. Patrick's Day was observed this year with all the characteristic features of former celebrations—High Mass in the morning, sung by Father Maximilian and rendered doubly impressive by the special music of the regular choir; the Columbian program in the evening; and the time-honored custom, "the wearing of the green," all day.

The evening entertainment was of course the chief event, and found much favor with the attentive audience, which included besides the Fathers and students of the College, the Stanislaus Literary Society and many other visitors from Rensselaer.

Cardinal Wiseman's celebrated drama, "The Hidden Gem," was the play presented. As its plot is almost universally known, it needs no explanation here; while praise for the literary merit of anything from his pen is unnecessary.

The program with the cast of characters read as follows:

Overture, Selection from Faust by Gounod
.....Band.
Introductory Address....Wm. D. Sullivan.

THE HIDDEN GEM.

Dramatis Personae.

Euphemianus, a Roman Patrician.
.....Fr. J. Koch.
Alexius, under the name *Ignotus*, his son,
.....Gabriel Cotter.
Carinus, a boy, his nephew
.....Thos. P. Travis.
Proculus, his Freedman and Steward,
.....Albert C. Riester.

SLAVES:—

Eusebius, freed after Act 1. Ign. Zircher
Bibulus.....Alb. Missler
Davus.....Vincent F. Muinch
Ursulus.....Jos. Engesser
Verna.....Victor Scharf
Gannio, a Beggar.....Jas. F. Connelly
Imperial Chamberlain.....Alphons Roth
Officer.....Wm. Hordemann
Robbers..... { Alex. Cook
 { Roman Theiss

And between the different scenes musical numbers under the direction of Prof. Hemmersbach:

"A Hunting Piece" "Lustspiel"....Band.

Vocal Solo, "Anchored" Edw. J. Mungovan
Mia Bella by Roeder. Orchestra.

Gabriel Cotter as Ignotus, was the central figure on the stage, and by his admirable interpretation of his role lent it a charm that won the sympathy of all. The ease and clear enunciation with which he spoke his lines plainly showed the attention he had given them; and no doubt explains the little trouble he had in throwing himself into the spirit of his part. Much the same may be said of Mr. Travis. As Carinus he displayed a conception of the character, that made it easy for him to turn to advantage that dramatic talent and rhetorical ability which he has used to such good effect in his recitations and which will certainly win for him new laurels in the future. But no student ever appeared on the boards with better effect than Mr. Riester. His acting was excellent; but what is more to

his credit is the easy and interested manner he affected while in repose, a thing that contributed greatly to give him first place in the minds of the audience. As Eusebius, the friend and protector of Ignotus, Mr. Zircher met with great success, and lent a fine contrast to the persecuting spirit of Bibulus, played so well by Mr. Missler, who deserves special commendation for the praiseworthy efforts he made to impersonate the character. Messrs Connelly, Muinch and Engesser were the wits of the drama and with Mr. Sharf as the boisterous Verna injected into it a vein of humor that set off to good effect the more serious dispositions of their associates.

The Band and Orchestra can always be depended upon for something good and they contributed in no little measure to the success of the evening.

WM. D. SULLIVAN.

PERSONALS.

Father Ganzer, of Kentland and Father Willibald of Pulaski called at the College the fore part of the month.

Mr. Sylvester Hinen arrived in Collegeville on the 2nd from Ft. Wayne, where he had been canvassing for the *Messenger* and *Botschafter*. He reports excellent success.

Revs. John Berg, of Remington; M. Zumbelte, of Hanover Center; John Blume, of Reynolds; Wm. Berg, of Schererville, and Adolph Schott, C. PP. S. of the St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Chicago, were with us on our patron's feast.

Our fellow student, Mr. Edmund Ley, who has been ill ever since the Christmas vacation, returned to his home in Gas City, Ind., on the 16th. We hope Mr. Ley's recovery will be speedy and final and that he will return as he so ardently desires, next fall fully recuperated, and be able to continue his studies without further interruption.

Brother William, our popular mail-man and overseer spent a few days in Ohio about the middle of the month looking after some business matters and visiting friends and relatives.

It is with much pleasure that we welcome Rev. Bonaventure Sommerhauser, C. PP. S. as an additional member to the College faculty. Father Bonaventure was recently ordained at St. Charles' Seminary, Carthagen, Ohio, and celebrated his first Mass at Tipton, Mo., only a few days before his arrival here. His genial disposition has already gained him many friends, and it may safely be predicted that his popularity will continue to increase as he becomes better known. He has charge of the Minim Department.

The Very Rev. Provincial, Henry Drees, C. PP. S. was our honored guest for a few

days previous to embarking on his long voyage. On the afternoon of the 2nd he visited the different study halls and gave each student a little souvenir that will remind them of their promise to pray for him often during his absence. In answer to a request of the small boys, seconded by the larger ones, he granted them free for the remainder of the afternoon. The students took advantage of

the opportunity thus presented and assembled in the auditorium at 4 P. M. to give a musical entertainment in his honor. The band boys were in excellent condition and produced several of their best pieces, and Mr. Cogan delivered an address on the part of the students to which Father Henry feelingly responded and closed by giving his blessing to all.

LOCALS.

The S. L. G. are to be complimented on their forethought in having themselves photographed so early in the season. By doing so they were enabled to include Father Augustine in the group—a thing which the intervening Atlantic would make difficult to be done later on when the other societies will line up before the camera.

The tables in the Columbian room are well covered with magazines this month. Besides the regular ones and the exchanges there are several others for which the Society is indebted to Mrs. E. P. Hammond of Lafayette, Ind.

The news of the discovery of a gravel pit on the premises was hailed with delight by the road-packers on the south walk; and there is joy in the heart of the author of *Good Roads* at the idea of being able to put his pet theories into practice.

Many of the boys have taken the opportunity afforded by the Easter holidays to take a trip home, either on business or to spend the great feast in the family circle. Such is not the usual order of things since there is no regular vacation at this time; and those who have gone home are indebted for the privilege to the kindness of Father Benedict.

Mungovan (describing a shock from the magneto-electric machine) "Why, it didn't hurt me a bit, boys; it was only like a lot of splinters running through my nose."

Schweitzer (outside the bath-room), "Hurry up there; Joe; aren't you through yet?"

Joe (on the inside impatiently waiting for the tub to fill), "What! do you tink I can take a bat in dry watah?"

There were two hidden gems in the St. Patrick's day program. One received due recognition on the hand-bills, but the identity of the other was known only to those behind the scenes. Not so with his work, however; for the tasty costuming of the play was a subject of comment by all. It gives us pleasure, then, to reveal the treasure, and express the thanks of the Columbians to Edw. Vogel, the efficient chairman of their executive committee for the many hours he sacrificed in the interests of the Society.

It is now an assured fact that before long a Grotto of the Blessed Virgin will adorn one of our picturesque groves. The motives that inspire its erection are indeed praiseworthy, and the holy spot will, no doubt, be frequented with all the reverence and confidence becoming children of Mary. It will be erected under the auspices of the Marion Sodality, whose members glory in being able to give this mark of public honor to their powerful patroness, the Mother of God. The statue has already been promised by the Faculty.

IN RENSSELAER.

There has been a great deal of moving and changing of business places in the thriving

little town of Rensselaer this spring.

Among others may be mentioned the removal of W. A. Huff's jewelry store to the large room in the Ellis Opera Building. Mr. Huff has fitted out his new quarters in first class style with large, handsome plate glass show cases having panel doors of fine finish, large wall shelves also having slide doors, and an abundance of shelf room for the display of his large stock of clocks, and a four ton burglar proof safe. Mr. Huff is to be commended for his enterprise, as his store room would do credit to a city far more pretentious than Rensselaer.

Mr. John Eger has removed his grocery to his commodious new building and has both the first and second floors filled with his large stock of groceries. Mr. Eger has put in an elevator that makes access to the second floor easy and pleasant.

Mr. C. D. Nowels has removed his dry goods establishment two doors east of his old stand to the room formerly occupied by Mr. Fendig. By this removal Mr. Nowels secures more room for his increased stock.

ALOYSIAN.

The Editor in Chief of the Collegian has consented to give a portion of the space of our College paper to the minors to be used by them for the publication of our society programs, essays by members of our society and the like.

We are very thankful for the favor and shall try our best to make our part of the paper interesting.

The St. Aloysius Society gave the following program at its last meeting:—
 Declamation, Duties as Americans

..... Master Chas. Frey
 Baltazar's Feast..... Master H. Kalvelage
 Poem, Casibianca..... Master Wm. Laibe
 Poem, My First Sorrow... Master E. Murphy
 Poem, Ballade of Hope.... Master M. Peele
 Recitation, Speak Gently, Master G. Dorval
 Paper, By the Editor... Master H. Kalvalage

The hearty applause of the audience bespoke well the merits of the program.

Everyone on the program performed his part well and received loud applause. Father Bonaventure attended the exercises, and at the close gave a short address in which he complimented those that appeared for the excellent manner in which they performed their parts. Father Bonaventure now teaches several classes in the minim department and we are glad that he honored our society by giving his first address since coming to the College at our meeting. After Father Bonaventure finished speaking several members of the Columbian who were present were called upon for addresses to which they cheerfully responded.

CHARLES FREY.

HONORARY MENTION.

J. Abel G. Aug, J. Betsner, W. Brinkman, J. Boeke, E. Byrne, J. Cogan, T. Conroy, J. F. Connelly, P. M. Cosgrove, C. Class, C. Didier, J. Dwenger, L. A. Eberle, J. B. Fitzpatrick, C. Frey, W. Hordeman, B. Heckman, H. Dorval, F. J. Koch, J. Kohne, H. Kalvelage, F. Kuenle, E. Ley, W. Laibe, E. J. Mungovan, T. McLoughlin, H. Meighan, E. Murphy, J. McNeil, A. Riestter, A. Roth, H. Reichert, W. D. Sullivan, F. Seroczynski, J. Steinbrunner, F. Schulien, T. Travis, E. Vogel, J. Wechter, J. Wakefer, I. Zircher.

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